

# WOMAN'S VARIED INTERESTS

## Suitable Menus for the Invalid

ONE of the most difficult problems that ever confront the average housewife and mother is that of providing a wholesome and suitable menu for an invalid and at the same time making it attractive enough to tempt the most capricious appetite. The following dishes, if served on dainty china and with snowy linen, will prove tempting to the patient:

**Beef and Egg Tea.**  
One egg, one teaspoonful of beef extract, salt and one-half pint of water. Beat the egg and salt together, add the beef extract mixed with the hot water. Stir well and serve hot.

**Sandwiches of Raw Beef.**  
Purchase a small piece of a juicy cut of beef and have it minced fine. Season with salt and pepper and spread between slices of entire wheat bread.

**Wine of Cocoa.**  
Mix one tablespoonful of cocoa with one teaspoonful of sugar, add one cup of boiling water and cook until thoroughly blended. Add four tablespoonfuls of best port wine or sherry and serve hot.

**Indian Meal Milk Porridge.**  
Mix together one tablespoonful of cornmeal and one tablespoonful of flour. Moisten with cold water and mix in a paste. Add two cups of boiling water and cook half an hour. Mix a teaspoonful of salt with two cups of milk and pour into cooked mixture, and continue cooking for fifteen minutes. Serve hot with cream and sugar.

**Egg Gruel.**  
Beat one egg to a stiff froth and mix with one cup of cold milk. Heat one cup of milk, and add to it the cold milk and egg. Cook until it thickens, but do not boil. Season with salt and serve hot.

**Wine Jelly.**  
Dissolve one-half package of gelatin in one-half cup of cold water. Boil one cup of water, to which has been added a tablespoonful of sugar, and strain. The juice of one lemon and a half cup of sherry can be added to the water. Pour into moulds, chill and serve cold with either a plain sweetened cream or custard sauce, as desired.

## The Trotteur Suit's Coat

So Scanty Will It Be That "Bolero" More Properly Describes It.

THE SMART trotteur suit of the spring is to have so scrimped a coat that it will be no more than a sleeved bolero. We must be grateful for the sleeves, however, which in most cases cover the wrists. This is not a promise that they will invariably warm the wrists, for a new type of sleeve is appearing, a "bell" variety, which begins its spreading career above the elbow. Another of its type "bells" from the shoulder and stops a trifle below the elbow. You will need long gloves to peek out the sleeves of the spring coatee.

Occasionally a scrimped coat will have fronts joined over the chest. Below that joining the fronts will be shaved away to the side seams and above it cut out to the shoulders. Plenty of collar there will be, however, so that if your chest is exposed your neck will be covered part way around and sometimes even at the front.

**Tall Cromwell Collar on Velvet Coatee.**  
One white taffeta and black velvet suit which a debutante has ordered for Palm Beach has the tallest of Cromwell collars of silk on its velvet coatee. The lately revived Cromwell collar is a favorite finish for the bolero coatee. A girl who knows that she must make portions of her Florida wardrobe take her through the spring in New York has ordered the Cromwell collar for the neck of a coatee whose front stops inches above the waistline and do not pretend to meet anywhere and a vest of figured faille.

Swashbuckler cuffs of plain silk give a dashing air to a bolero-coatee of the same material. It has, however, long sleeves of green and white striped sole couple matching a skirt of such extraordinary width that it is small wonder the jacket portion of the costume was scrimped. The coatee, a trifle shaped under the arms and cut off half way over the hips, has button and buttonhole defined fronts, which are four inches too narrow to join. Its neck is supposed to be finished with an embroidered batiste handkerchief, knotted cowboy style.

**Hats for the Springtime.**  
Enticing are the hats ready for the far South. One is a yellow straw, shepherdess shape, with clusters of white roses weighing down its flexible broad brim. Very like summer is a black gauze, whose slightly rolled broad brim has a half facing of velvet outlined by a garland of flowers. A black Milan helmet wreathed with corn flowers is notably good, also a taupe and rose hemp trimmed with a flower having feather-edged velvet petals.

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE PARIS CREATIONS in Simili Diamante and Velvet Jewelry, the Exclusive Performer, the Newest Set Jewelry, are always to be found at JAMMES, 545 5TH AV.

## Call Her a Mother and You Have Found the Main-spring of Mother Jones's Personality and Career

**True to Type, the Bigness as Well as the Limitations of This Storm Centre of the Laboring Masses Comes from the Maternal Instinct, an Interviewer Finds.**

By LUCY HUFFAKER.

WHETHER named Mother Jones did a good piece of work. For this old woman, storm centre wherever there is a strike on, is just that—a mother. There are two things in which she believes with all her mind and heart. Those two things are mothers and homes. It is just one of the ironies of life that she has no children and that so far as having a home goes—“My home is wherever my people are in trouble. My house is wherever that old bag of mine is.”

Probably you've always thought of Mother Jones simply as an active old woman, whose whole interest in life is in helping the cause of labor. Well, she is that—with something added to it. I discovered this week what that something is. It is the real mother heart. Her bigness is that which is bred from the maternal instinct—and her limitations come from that same source. Therein she is true to type.

Woman the Mother.

“What do we need?” She repeated the question after me when she had welcomed me to her room in the hotel, had insisted that I make myself comfortable with a pillow from the bed tucked in at my back, and, these motherly ministrations attended to, we had spoken of the hearings of the Commission on Industrial Relations and the things which may result therefrom. “We need a different economic adjustment.”

“How are we going to get that?”  
“I'll tell you how we could get it. If the women of the country did what they should do we'd have things different all right.”  
“So you're not as scornful of women as you've been said to be? You're not anti-feminist?”

“Say, what does that word mean?” she shot back at me. Her laugh died away, however, as she said seriously: “I believe in women and what they can do. They can be good mothers and make good homes. When they've done that, when they've brought up their children to be kind and generous and noble, we'll have a real civilization—not this rotten thing which passes for it now.”  
“That sounds like Solomon, Mother Jones.”

It's All Woman's Fault.

“Well, I don't see any reason for not holding to that idea about a child brought up in the way it should go just because it was said centuries ago, do you? And it is true. If the mothers of America brought up their children as they should be brought up we'd have a country worth living in. But do they? Most of 'em don't. They go to church and to clubs and to missionary societies and to the social settlements and to the temperance societies and all those silly, get-nowhere things. And all the time they have the chance to do something real in their homes in training their children.”

“If homes were what they should be there'd be no need for social settlements, which are lickspittle institutions anyway. And let me tell you another thing—there'd be no need of temperance societies if all women who pretend to cook really did it. A stomach which has good food in it doesn't need booze. But most women don't know much about cooking. The rich woman is 'way above it, the well-to-do woman leaves it to her servant and the working woman hasn't been taught. It is a wonder to me that everybody in the world isn't a dyspeptic.”

“So you think that woman's place is in the home?”  
“Where else would it be? Which question, asked in a tone of surprise rather than aggression, answered my question beyond peradventure of doubt as to where Mother Jones stands as regards the work of women. But she would not let it rest there, but went on to amplify her belief.

Women in Industry? Shucks!

“Women want to get out into industry? Shucks! That is my answer when any one talks about the great desire of women to sit in factories or stand behind counters or run machines. Of course, as conditions are now, women have to get out of their homes and work. But if the husband made enough money to support the family, do you think the wife would want to go away from her home and her children to work?”

“But you know, Mother Jones, the feminists believe that a wife should be economically independent of her husband.”  
“Well, I as much as told you I didn't know what a 'feminist' was. And now I'll tell you I don't know what this 'economic independence' nonsense means, either. A woman is entitled to her husband's money.”

“So you don't think a woman who is supported by her husband should be called a parasite?”

“Indeed I do sometimes. Most women are parasites now. But, I tell you, any woman who makes a good home and bears and rears good children is not a parasite. She is doing the real work of the world. I tell you again, it all depends on the women.”

“But, after all, most of industry is controlled by men. Aren't they responsible for bad conditions for the workers?”  
“Yes, but who brought up those men? Some mother. It's their fault. Take this young Rockefeller, who has been testifying before the commission. He's a nice young chap—I really think he is. The trouble is he doesn't know anything about conditions. His mother didn't bring him up right—that is all that is the



MOTHER JONES

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matter with him. He has had money always. He has gone to the best schools. He's got a good brain. You can see that. But he should have been taught something about the workingman and his needs.”

## Mother Jones Pins Her Faith to Two Things, Good Women and the Home, and Scorns Outside Interests and New-Fashioned Freedoms for Her Sex.

“How can Mrs. Rockefeller and other women know these things which they must teach their sons?”  
“I know 'em, don't I? You know 'em, don't you? Well, that is the answer. And yet I'm willing to say that it is hard for a rich woman who has been protected all her life from seeing the seamy things of life to know about conditions. Still, most people have eyesight, and so from the papers they can get something. Of course, there are women who know things.”

A Man No Worse than His Mother.

“A man is never more rotten than his mother. And he is never any better than she is. And who is it who always does things in the crucial times? Why, the women. All down the stairway of time they stand. What you know of history must have taught you that. That is how I know that it is up to the women now to do things. They must learn how matters stand. But women have been hypnotized by things of no importance until they're all muddled up in their minds. They don't need to vote. What can it do for them? What has it done for them where they have had it?”

“The Church has a lot to answer for in keeping women from doing the things they should do. The Church—what has it done, what does it do for the people who were Christ's own and for whose sake He worked and died?”

Christ Organized Labor Unions.

“Christ never built a church and never told anybody else to build one. What he did was to organize unions. He went up and down talking to the workmen and helping them to organize and stand against the capitalists of that day. It wasn't until nearly three hundred years after Christ died that a church was built. Just think about that for a while. And year by year they keep adding a lot of no-account things to the churches—all kinds of foreign and home missionary societies and temperance leagues and things like that. And never a thing done for the people who were Christ's own!”

“What the workingman needs is organization. And there is another thing I want to say about women. They haven't learned the meaning of solidarity yet—most of them haven't.”

“It is harder to organize women than men?”  
“It is harder to keep them organized,” she answered quickly. “So much depends on the women always. And I've seen 'em by the hundreds act like heroines. When there is a strike on it is hard for the men to hold out if their women folks are whining around and urging 'em to go back to the mines or the mills, isn't it? I wish you could see some of the women I've seen in strikes. They had empty stomachs, but they had full hearts. Maybe some of 'em were what you'd call ignorant. Probably they couldn't all of 'em read and write, even. But I wouldn't call a woman ignorant who knew life like that and who had the courage to face things when she was hungry and cold, would you?”

Just then the clock struck. Mother Jones jumped up, and going to the closet took down her hat.

“I completely forgot about breakfast,” she said.

I was all contrition for having been so thoughtless as to have kept her from her morning meal. I apologized for having called on her at such an unseemly hour, but pointed out that with her spending all her days at the hearing it was the only time I could see her.

Mother Jones Is Well Named.

And then it developed that her excitement when she saw the time was because she thought I had had no breakfast. I assured her that I had had. But that was not enough. So when we were seated at the little table in the little restaurant where she goes for her meals, she ordered a cup of coffee and rolls for me. I demurred. Did it do any good? It did not. As I said, Mother Jones is well named. When that breakfast came to the table she acted with all the tyranny of a kind mother. She watched me to make sure that I ate every crumb of the rolls and drank every drop of the coffee. It availed me nothing to say that I was never hungry in the morning. Because what I did say that, she insisted that I eat a baked apple.

“You must eat good, big meals or you can't work hard,” she said reproachfully to me, and I felt just as I did when I was a little girl and my mother would not let me go to school or out to play unless I ate my breakfast.

“But won't we be late to the hearing?” I asked between sips of my coffee.

“They Treat Me Like an Aristocrat.”

“We don't need to be there right on the dot. There's a seat saved for me. That's something that didn't used to happen to me. Why, they treat me like an aristocrat now, don't they—like one of the privileged classes which I'm against. That is a joke on me, I guess.”

“But do you know, Mother Jones,” I said, “I don't believe you are against them when you know them. Why, you are even saying kind words about that young Rockefeller fellow, as you call him—after what you saw and felt at Ludlow.”

“Don't you understand, my dear, that it is the system, not the individual, that I'm fighting? It is the system which has spoiled the individuals—not the other way around.”

I was trying to slip unnoticed into my coat, so we could go. But then Mother Jones's eye fell upon my plate.

“We'll not go until you've finished your breakfast,” she said, with a tone in which mildness and firmness found a strange blending.

And I finished that breakfast which I didn't want. Otherwise we never would have got to that hearing. What I've been wondering ever since is whether, when she and that young Rockefeller chap have their most advertised meeting after the hearing of the commission is over, she will make him eat a meal he doesn't need. One thing I know—if she tells him to eat, he might as well do it first as last. Because, as I have said before, Mother Jones is well named.

## GIVE A BALE, IS AID SLOGAN

Cotton Exchange Plan Devised by Miss Anne Morgan to Obtain Goods for European Soldiers—School Children to Start \$1,000,000 Campaign.

“Buy a bale of cotton,” the slogan last fall, is now “Give a bale of cotton” to help the soldiers. The plan is Miss Anne Morgan's. Soon after the war began she suggested that public-spirited citizens who had gone down into their pockets to buy cotton in order to relieve the situation in the South should exchange them for their full value in cotton goods and absorbent cotton, the former to be worked up in the emergency rooms established to relieve unemployment and meet the need for clothing abroad.

In line with this plan, the War Relief Committee has made arrangements with a large factory to take over the cotton. Already it has received hundreds of dollars' worth of materials in exchange for bales given in response to personal appeals. But this committee's work has grown so that more aid is imperative.

It therefore makes a public appeal. Every bale of cotton received means just so much more help for Europe's soldiers and their needy families. Those who can help are urged to send word to Mrs. George Louis Beer, 329 West 71st st., who is chairman of the War Relief Committee.

School children all over the country are soon to be enlisted, it was announced yesterday, in perhaps the most important relief movement organized in this country since the outbreak of the war. An army of 20,000 youngsters, contributing from their savings and spending money, is to raise a \$1,000,000 fund, half of which will be used to relieve local suffering and the remainder sent to Europe.

At the head of the movement is a committee of educators which includes President Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, David Starr Jordan, president of the National Education Association, and Richard C. Maclaurin, president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The general plan is based on suggestions received from more than 5,000 educators in all parts of the country.

It includes money subscriptions, the free use of public school buildings for entertainments to raise funds, the co-operation of teachers in getting the children to earn small sums out of school hours, the manufacture of useful gifts by boys in manual training classes and the devotion by girls of one day a week to sewing as a part of their school work.

Those interested in the plan believe, they say, that evil influences in the schools can be traced directly to the war and that something must be done to counteract these influences. Thus the new relief plan is expected to have a double influence for good. The fund is to be known as the “Children of America's Fund.” Headquarters have been established at Oak Hill, Newton Center, Mass.

“Do not spend your trust relief fund by purchasing unwisely at seaboard; buy in your own state, or, preferably, in the primary interior centres of food production, and let us pay the freight

from the primary food centres, thereby making your funds go from 5 per cent to 15 per cent further.” is the special made yesterday to governors and state committees by the Commission for Relief in Belgium.

Committees which have been buying in New York have been paying unnecessary freight charges, the commission says, and that in the main food-stuffs in the interior are much cheaper than on the seaboard.

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, president of the Polish Relief Fund, received a cable message yesterday from Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, asking help for the general committee for war victims in Poland. He and Paderewski, the pianist, have formed a central committee at Lausanne, and the cable message was from Vevey, where Sienkiewicz is at present.

Twenty-six cases of clothing for the to-morrow. Clothing, it is said, is the special need of the sufferers, because they were compelled to flee from their homes without taking any supplies, and thousands of them are now all but naked.

Some of the best known vocal and instrumental artists in the city will be on the programme of a concert to be given on Sunday evening at 9 o'clock at the studio of A. A. Anderson, 8 West 40th st., for the benefit of French artists' families made destitute by the war. Tickets may be obtained at the studio from Miss Olga Wiborg, 11 East 46th st., or from Miss Jana Wallace, 139 East 19th st.

The patronesses are Mrs. A. A. Anderson, Mrs. Henry D. Babcock, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Mrs. Harold Barclay, Mrs. Charles T. Barney, Mrs. C. Ledward Blair, Mrs. George C. Clark, Mrs. William Chandler, Mrs. Henry R. Cox, Mrs. Joseph Dillworth, Mrs. Anthony Drexel, Jr., Mrs. James B. Eustis, Mrs. Sumner Gerard, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Ernest Iselin, Mrs. Goddard Livingston, Mrs. Philip M. Lydig, Miss Janet Scudder, Miss Emily Sloane, Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mrs. Stanford White and Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg.

Mme. Grouitch, who has recently returned from Serbia, will address a meeting to be held at the uptown office of the American Red Cross, 601 Fifth av., at noon today. The public is urged to attend. The American Red Cross fund is now \$447,996.82.

Word was received by the Committee Mercy yesterday from Governor Brewer of Mississippi that he has appointed a state committee and is hurrying the relief organization there in line with the committee's general plan for nation wide co-operation. The committee's fund now totals \$108,239. The Belgian Relief Fund has reached \$881,554.08, and that of the Secours National for French women and children is \$54,776.10. The American Committee for Belgian babies received contributions yesterday of \$69. They should be sent to Bernard Raap, 1201 Putnam building, 2 West 45th st.

## On The Coaching Line For Billy Sunday



“Ma's not much to look at, but she has more horse sense than anybody under the sun. When she says 'Slide, I slide—and not before she says so. Once I didn't wait for her advice—and they had me out before I got half way to second. Never again!”

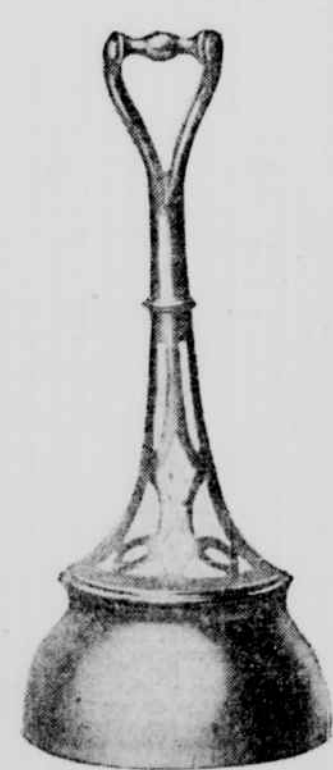
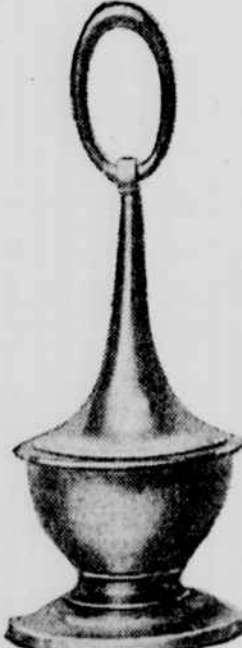
The story of the remarkable woman behind the famous evangelist appears in the Woman's Section of next Sunday's Tribune. It explains in a measure the astonishing revival of religious consciousness wherever the Rev. Billy Sunday raises his voice.

Every woman with a husband will remember the story of how Ma Sunday handles her man.

Woman's Section  
**The Sunday Tribune**  
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## Won't the Door Stay Open? Then Prop It Back with a Door Porter.

Reproduced from English Antiques Are the Brass and Bronze Ornamental Weights That Take the Place of the Old Fashioned Carpet Covered Brick.



THE makers of the home furnishings of a century or two ago were gifted with a genius for clothing the most ordinary of domestic details with a garb attractive and picturesque.

Housekeepers in early American days, or those in England during the eighteenth century, found that their doors, like the doors of all countries and all ages, had a tendency to slam shut at times when they should have remained wide open. The clever craftsmen of the day often lavished their thought and care upon the smallest details of domestic utility, and the very beautiful “door porters,” reproductions of which are now to be had, show their

skilful solution of this particular problem. A “porter,” in the ordinary sense of the word, supplies service at the entrance, and the term no doubt suggested itself as a pun for the very same thing.

One Colonial country house has, as a porter at the door, a spirited eagle of brass—particularly appropriate, since the eagle is in keeping in a special way with the Colonial furnishings such as baskets of flowers or fruit, sheaves of wheat or of barley, and classic figures, all of brass or of bronze, are sometimes used, and for a severely architectural or classical hallway small brass urns may be preferred.